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## WHERE IS THE GERMAN FATHERLAND?

Seventy years ago the people of Wisconsin were deeply stirred over the issues connected with the framing of a constitution and admission to statehood. In the *Wisconsin Banner*, the first German newspaper in the state, was printed on March 20, 1847, a metrical argument of 168 lines in favor of "Die Constitution." The recent posture of public affairs seems to render apposite the reprinting of a portion of this poem, which affords a fair idea of the attitude of Wisconsin Germans of the forties toward certain questions which the whirligig of time has again brought to the fore. We print the selection in the original German and in English translation. For making the latter, acknowledgement is due Dr. Charles Giessing, of Princeton, formerly of the University of Wisconsin.

"Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?

Wo Eide schwört ein Druck der Hand!

Wo Treue hell vom Auge blitzt,

Und Liebe warm im Herzen sitzt!"

So sang ein Mann im Hochgefühl der Kraft,

Der hat kein Herz, den dieses Lügen straft.

Was treibt den Deutschen über Land und Meere?

Sagt, warum kämpft er für die Union?

Stirbt auf dem Feld des Ruhmes und der Ehre,

Für Freiheit und für diese Nation?

Braust nicht der Rhein, der freie deutsche Rhein?

Was treibt ihn fort vom heimathlichen Herde?

Stösst man ihn aus dem Vaterlande?—Nein!

Dort, dort geht er einher mit krummem Rücken,

Der Deutsche ist zur Langmuth so geneigt:

Wer leben will, so heisst es, muss sich bücken.

Halt's Maul, ich will Ihn lehren, dass er [Er] schweigt!

In Fesseln wird der freie Geist gebunden,

Er darf nicht reden, was er ausgedacht,

Die Seele wird ihm aus dem Leib geschunden,

Wenn sein beleidigtes Gefühl erwacht.  
 Man betet in Egypten heut'ger Tage  
 Die Kühe und die Zwiebeln an,  
 Allein, bei Gott! den deutschen Mann,  
 Den sehr Betrognen, treffe unsre Klage,  
 Der sich so weit, so weit vergehen kann,  
 Und stösst das Recht zurück, das ihm gegeben  
 Zu einem freien, selbstbewussten Leben.

“Where is the German Fatherland?  
 Where oaths are sworn by grasp of hand!  
 Where loyalty gleams from the eye,  
 And warm love makes the heart beat high.”  
 Thus sang a man sure of his pow'r and youth,  
 He has no heart who contradicts its truth.  
 What drives the German over sea and land,  
 What force is it that makes the Union dear,  
 That on the battle-field he takes his stand  
 To die for liberty, and for this nation here?  
 Does not the Rhine, free German Rhine still roar,  
 What drives him forth from hearth and home?  
 Perchance he's banished?—Nevermore!  
 In yonder land stooped o'er a crutch they walk  
 (The Germans are too supple in their will),  
 “Who wants to live,” they're told, “bend to the yoke!  
 Shut up! We'll teach you to be still!”  
 Freedom of thought in chains is pent,  
 One may not utter what he thinks,—  
 His soul perforce is from his body rent,  
 If pride, awakened, from oppression shrinks.  
 In Egypt there are men so odd  
 Who worship cows and onions—their belief.  
 The German man, howe'er, stirs us to grief,  
 (Deluded and deceived so oft, good God!)  
 If he so far be blinded to relief  
 As to reject this opportunity  
 Of self-assertive life and free.